

## The One Horned Cow

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]  
Deacon Henderson was a meek man who had married a shrew. Cows troubled the deacon's wife. There was one cow in particular that the deacon always treated with the utmost tenderness and that his wife, per contra, always thrived to kill on the spot. This was a one horned cow belonging to the Widow Glenn, in the village. At some stage in her cow career some one had knocked her right horn off in treating her as a trespasser. The deacon's wife wanted to maim or kill that cow because the bovine had but the one horn and because she belonged to a widow that had once wondered how the deacon could possibly stand it to live with such a wife. It thus came about that there were mornings when the one horned cow came home with a limp and a dejected attitude and other mornings when she came home with head and tail in the air and believing that life was worth the living. It all depended on whether the deacon or his wife got up first and found her trespassing.

The one horned cow had been what might be called a fixture for two years before the deacon's wife died. The conduct of the cow and the deacon's wife had divided the sentiment of the community. There were the cow party and the anti-cow party, and both of them were provided with powerful arguments to sustain their positions. The wife was several days in dying. When she had given directions about all other things, even to having the barrel of soft soap moved to a shady spot, she said to her husband:

"And now, Job, I want to talk about that one horned cow. I hoped to live long enough to kill her, but Providence has ordered otherwise. I go, and she stays, but I want you to promise to make it hot for her. Knock off her other horn. Break her neck. Spare her not. Have no further mercy on her because she is the cow of a widow. I can't die easy unless you promise me. You will probably find her in the cornfield the day of my funeral. Don't mind me, but get out and go for the cow. Chase her ten times around the lot and break both her hind legs."

It was against the grain, but the deacon wiped the tears from his eyes and promised, and it is due him to say that for a month after the funeral he did his best to carry out the promises. He didn't find the cow trespassing every morning when he turned out of bed. She put in some of her nights elsewhere. When he did find her he clubbed and stoned and raised bumps and lumps on various parts of her body. There came a day, however, when he let up on this. The one horned cow looked at him so mournfully and reproachfully that he couldn't throw another rock. She seemed to beg and appeal to him to give her a show, and he simply pulled up a tall cornstalk by the roots and used it as a gad to drive her to the highway. For the next two months the one horned cow lived on the fat of the land and exulted over other cows with more horns. Then Deacon Henderson found himself in a quandary between his dead wife and the living cow. He had made certain promises to a dying woman. He had failed to break that cow's neck. Instead of so doing he was treating her with all love and gentleness. This fact began to worry the good man. He grew thin over it, and he was yet undecided when the minister of his church called one afternoon. Here was the opportunity to unburden himself, and it was taken advantage of. The minister heard him through without a word and then said:

"I am surprised that Sister Henderson carried such a feeling to the grave with her. I wish you had not promised what you did, and yet it would be unnatural for you to carry out those promises. You have probably tried to break that cow's neck?"

"For three or four weeks I tried my best," was the answer.  
"You didn't even succeed in knocking the other horn off?"  
"No. It's there yet."

"And you broke none of her legs?"  
"Not a leg."

"Well, then, you have tried and failed. It is not your fault that you have failed, but you had better stop right there. Something is owing to cows as well as to the departed. On the other hand, the Widow Glenn, knowing that her one horned cow is a botheration and a damage to you, has no right to let her run at large and to be defiant about it. Neither can she reasonably expect that you will continue to treat her animal with the mercy and tenderness you do."

"But there ought to be some way out of it," said the deacon.  
"Yes, there ought. Suppose you were to call on the widow and talk things over in a friendly way?"  
"But she might turn me outdoors."

"I will see her first. I think you will find her gentle and amiable. Yes, I am sure you will."

A month later the deacon called. The one horned cow was discussed from the tip of her one horn to the tip of her ragged tail, but without acrimony. Six months after that, as the couple drove up to the house after a visit to the preacher's that made them man and wife, the old cow was at the gate to greet them.

"What are we going to do with her?" asked the deacon.  
"Have her in the beef barrel before tomorrow night," answered the bride. "We ain't a-going to take no chances on a one horned cow bringing us together and then hooking us apart."

M. QUAD.

## The Best Cough Cure.

A half-ounce of Virginia Oil of Pine, two ounces of glycerine and a half-pint of whisky, mixed, will cure any cough that is curable and break a cold in 24 hours. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. Ask your druggist for the genuine Leach's Virginia Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed by the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

## DRUGS USED TO HASTEN DEATH

That One of the Sensational Charges at Investigation

## OF FITCHBURG HOSPITAL

One Witness Tells of Orgies—Former Ambulance Driver Declares That There Was an Amazing Lack of Discipline.

Boston, Jan. 29.—Evidence that people have been given drugs to hasten their death, that almost unbelievable cruelties have been practiced upon patients and that immorality has been rampant is being presented to the investigating committee which is looking into the affairs of the Fitchburg hospital at Fitchburg, and as a result that city is today deeply stirred and decisive action is being demanded. Mrs. Fred I. Cote, one of the witnesses, in telling of her testimony said:

"I told how my mother was tied to a chair when she was dying and kept continually under the influence of drugs."

Charles E. Griffin, a former ambulance driver, who will be heard tonight, says he will tell of an amazing lack of discipline, of night orgies by men and women employees in scanty clothing, and of harsh treatment to patients.

Joseph Grimeau declares that the nurses "had fun with him," when he was in the hospital by throwing ether in his eyes, while he was suffering great pain, and the treatment he received prevented his permanent recovery.

Albert T. Lambert says: "I was summoned to go to the hospital to arrange for my wife's funeral and take the body I found the body in the barn surrounded by rats."

Franklin Chase, in an interview, said: "I sent my seventeen-year-old daughter to the hospital to be a telephone girl. When she went through in two weeks I cannot tell why, my daughter was on the verge of ruin. She would stay out all night with nurses in the company of men without being reprimanded. I am thankful I learned the conditions when I did."

The investigation is the big sensation at Fitchburg, and the hospital trustees have made every effort to suppress many of the facts. The hearings are private.

## A LONG ROMANCE.

Artist Comes to Wed Fiancee of 40 Years.

New York, Jan. 29.—Having made his place in the world of art, Mr. H. Singlewood Bisbing, an American painter, arrived in New York yesterday from Paris, on his way to Philadelphia to marry the sweetheart of his boyhood days. He has spent 25 of his 60 years in Paris, and for 40 of those same years he has been looking forward to his marriage. His fiancée is Miss Angela Corryell Bisbing of No. 1436 Market street, Philadelphia, his first cousin.

"I came back to be married," he said, "and settling down to real work, the kind of work I like to do, where I can sit among the hills and paint the cows and horses in a setting of nature's finest handiwork. I expect to find this someplace in Connecticut or New York, and I believe the scenes will give me inspiration. This place I shall look for must have a golf course on it, or at any rate be suitable for golf, for that's my hobby. Any man who ever takes a golf club in his hand becomes a victim if he has red blood."

Can a Medicine Be a "Fake" that has lived and grown in popularity for thirty years, and demonstrated its worth by actual cures of female ills in thousands and thousands of American families?

Any fair minded, intelligent person will emphatically answer NO! Such a medicine is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, and its ever increasing popularity is due to actual merit alone.

## An Editor's Joy of Discovery.

The February American Magazine contains the first installment of a new serial by a new author, Ingraham Lovell. It is entitled "Margarita's Soul—the Recollections of a Man of Fifty." The story starts well, giving promise of being one of the great novels of the year.

In connection with the publication of the editor of the American Magazine has made an interesting statement a statement which reveals some of the finer workings of a great editorial office. Here is the editor's statement: "It seems to me that one in the world can get as much fun out of work as we editors do. And it is chiefly because we are always finding something new."

"You take home at night a heap of dumb, lifeless-looking manuscripts, all the time feeling within a leaping hope that among them you will find a new writer, a new talent, a new expression. No matter how many disappointments, as you go over one after another, there is the same thrill of expectancy when you open a new one. And then, perhaps not that night or even the next, but sometime, you start a page, the mind is stirred, you forget yourself and your quest, till at the end you want to shout with joy. You have found something real at last."

"I have felt this many, many times, and I know of no pleasure like it. Mr. Howells says it is like the sensation of the astronomer when for the first time he sees an unknown star."

"I shall not soon forget my feelings when I read that first uninviting looking manuscript of David Grayson's. Oh, the freshness of it!"

"Lately I had such an experience as has not been mine since the first written draft of 'Barkington's Gentlemen from Indiana' was handed to me by Violet Roseberry with glowing eyes. On my way down here I began to read that nicely typewritten copy of 'Margarita's Soul.' Not three lines down the first page something happened—the old thrill of discovery—the sense of penetrating a new world of romance, of getting back to youth again."

## THIS TILTON WOMAN'S ADVICE

Will Be Helpful to Every Girl and Woman Who Is Losing Weight and Strength.

Neglect or improper treatment of woman's ills almost inevitably leads to a train of unfortunate results and frequently to a lifetime of misery. In time almost every organ of the body becomes affected, the nervous system is broken down, the digestion is weakened and symptoms of kidney trouble develop. Women who become pale and lose weight and ambition and are subject to headaches and fainting spells, need such a tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have permanently cured hundreds of cases of female weakness that had resisted all other remedies. A recent case is that of Mrs. Ida Chamberlain, whose address is Box 635, Tilton, N. H.

"I would like to tell everyone," she says, "what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I was sick for a long time with weakness common to my sex and became a nervous wreck. I took a severe cold while completely worn out through hard work and my sickness dated from that time. I couldn't sleep and was so nervous that I had hardly any control of myself. I had not spells and was feverish all of the time. I suffered a good deal from palpitation of the heart. My feet were badly swollen and I had severe headaches and pains in the back of the neck. I was so liable to dizziness and faintness that I could not trust myself to go very far from home. I weighed less than 100 pounds and was so weak that I could not work for a year. I was confined to bed for six months."

"I was treated by two doctors but finally gave them up and took a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had taken them long I could sleep better and my nerves were stronger. I kept on using them regularly until entirely cured. I really think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I have had no sickness since taking them. I wish every woman who is suffering as I was, would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a good trial."

These pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 30 cents per box; six boxes for \$1.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

## Homes or Battleships.

The price of a battleship would build sanitary, airy, and spacious homes for 20,000 persons; such assets as the great insurance companies possess would turn all the slums of New York into civilized habitations.

How about it, brethren—Charles Edward Russell, in the February Every-body's.

## Back to the Mud House.

The word concrete has a sound that would be expected to warn rather than to attract the housekeeper and homemaker. Its associations are all of the sort that have had little or no interest for women—or for men, either, who are not employed directly in the heavy business of construction and to whom the loss of engineering is a mystery. But very lately—as lately as the last year, or two, at the most, the term rather the thing it represents, has come to mean something that has all the charm of innervation in our everyday life and of improvement in the comfort of living. Homes are being built of it—that is the reason.

Nothing that we do not understand can interest us, unless it mystifies and there is nothing about sand and gravel or broken stone and cement to puzzle the senses. To the uninitiated, a little flour, a little water with sugar and salt and butter and yeast holds as much of mystery, yet these are the very simple materials of which the housewife makes her bread. In a whimsical sense concrete may be called the bread of the building world, as fussy over-decoration has long been called its gingerbread, and it and its uses are as easy to comprehend and quite as interesting as the staple of our tables.

Cement and sand and stone and water are the ingredients of the "dough" from which houses are being made. When they are properly mingled together, in proportions to suit their purpose, the mixture is really wonderful thing. If you were to hollow out a house with the labor of years from the solid rock of the everlasting hills, you would not have a more substantial and not nearly so beautiful home as if you had constructed it simply and easily from this mud—From "Back to the Mud House," in February Technical World Magazine.

## The February Woman's Home Companion.

The Woman's Home Companion has established a reputation for beautiful illustrations, and the February Valentine number is even richer than usual in the display of pictures by well-known artists. C. Allan Gilbert's great new painting, "David Copperfield and Agnes," is reproduced in color. There is a full page portrait of Lincoln at the age of fifteen, painted especially for this magazine by Balfour Ker. The Valentine cover is painted by Howard Chandler Christy. Other illustrations are by Alice Barber Stephens, Orson Lowell, Rose Cecil O'Neil and Herman Pfeiffer.

The fiction in this Valentine magazine is by such popular authors as Florence Morse Kingsley, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, Irving Bacheller and Mary Hastings.

Anna Steese Richardson, one of the most distinguished authorities in America on the working-girl problem, in "A Substitute for Matrimony" presents the strongest indictment yet brought against woman work—the successful woman worker does not marry.

The centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln is celebrated in this magazine by Balfour Ker's portrait of "The Young Lincoln," painted especially for this occasion; by an article on "The Mothers of Lincoln," by Laura Spence Foster and by a list and brief description of all the best books about Lincoln.

## TURKEY WANTS PEACE

Assumes Pacific Attitude Toward Bulgaria

## ITS INTENTION TO SEIZE

Territory Denied Absolutely—Hope Expressed for China's Future—Secretary of Our Legation at Peking Predicts Progress.

Constantinople, Jan. 29.—The Porte has instructed the Turkish agent at Sofia to deny absolutely the intention attributed to Turkey to seize strategic points in Bulgaria, and to assure the Bulgarian government that Turkey is sincerely desirous of a pacific settlement of outstanding questions.

## HOPES FOR CHINA'S FUTURE.

Belief That the Country Is Making Progress.

Vancouver, Jan. 29.—H. P. Fletcher, first secretary of the American legation at Peking, was in Vancouver Wednesday, on his way from the Orient. He said that the new administration in China would adopt a progressive policy. Liang Tun Yen, who recently succeeded Yuan Shi Kai in the foreign office, is thoroughly in accord with Western ideas of progress, having graduated at Yale a few years ago. He is also regarded in high favor by the princes of the Manchurian dynasty. Mr. Fletcher is hopeful of the attitude of the regent, Prince Chun, the brother of the late emperor and father of the reigning emperor. He pointed out that the prince was not unfamiliar with Occidental civilization, having visited Germany on an imperial mission several years ago to apologize for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister.

## CHILIAN FLEET SENT ON PERUVIAN DISPUTE

## Rupture of Diplomatic Relations Revives Animosity.

Valparaiso, Chile, Jan. 29.—The rupture of diplomatic relations between Chile and Peru, signified by the withdrawal of Senator J. M. Echenique, the Chilean minister at Lima, has aroused some excitement here and old animosities dating back to the war of 1879 and the consequent occupation of the Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica by Chile have to a certain measure been revived. It is declared here that the Chilean squadron under Admiral Wilson, now in the strait of Magellan, has been ordered north.

The difficulty between Chile and Peru referred to in the above dispatch came to general notice when the Peruvian government a few months ago refused to permit Chile, represented by Senator Echenique, to place a tablet on the monument erected by Peru to the memory of her soldiers who lost their lives in the war of 1879. The controversy is entirely diplomatic and has not yet assumed a serious or threatening character.

## ALMANAC TOLSTOI ISSUED.

Arranged in Honor of the Eightieth Birthday of the Russian Author.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 29.—The Almanac Tolstoi, which was arranged for by the committee having in charge the celebration last year of the eightieth birthday of Count Leo Tolstoi and which embraces contributions by the most noted authors, artists and public men of Russia and also articles by Octav Mirbeau, George Brandes, Knut Samson and other men of letters of all nations, was published at Moscow Wednesday. The list of American contributors includes William J. Bryan and George Kennan.

## King's Son Sings in Hungarian Cafe.

Budapest, Jan. 29.—George Christie, son of former King Milan of Serbia and at one time a claimant to the Serbian throne, has accepted an engagement to sing in a local cafe for \$10 a day. King Milan abdicated in favor of his son, Alexander, who was assassinated in 1903. Milan died in 1901.

## PINCHOT'S DECISION.

Declines Reception to Visit Friend Who Is Ill.

Albuquerque, N. M., Jan. 29.—Before leaving Albuquerque last night for Washington, Gifford Pinchot, chief United States forester and personal friend of President Roosevelt, declined to attend a reception in his own honor in order that he might visit at the bedside of Jo Sanborn, a former messenger in his office, now ill here with consumption. The forester had to drive four miles to see the sick man.

## Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in \$1.00 as 50c. size. Is Not a Dye. \$1 and 50c. bottles, at druggists. Send 2c. for free book "The Care of the Hair."

Hay's Hair Soap cures pimples, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin clean and soft. 25c. drugists. Send 2c. for free book "The Care of the Skin."

## Don't Discharge the Cook

# Use GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

The better the Flour.  
The better the bread.  
The better the bread.  
The better the baker.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY

FOR SALE BY YOUR GROCER

## FADS AND FANCIES OF THE PRESENT DAY

The Jig-saw Craze—Wearing Her Big Hat, the Smart Girl Pours Tea—What Gotham Shops Are Showing.

My Dear Eliza—I'm worn to a frazzle over this jig saw puzzle fad, aren't you? Here in New York we're absolutely going mad about the putting together of these picture puzzles. And not only are our brains turned upside down with wondering whether a certain little jagged piece of wood fits in here, there or somewhere else, but we are bounded on all sides by friends who are making these puzzles for charity "to save all the colored corners of the magazines for them." So high runs the craze that a floor of one of the erstwhile fashionable old houses on Washington square north has become a jig saw factory, boasting a staff of twenty or more workmen, many of whom are art students at Cooper institute and the league.

Yes, my dear, from the maid in the kitchen to the master in the library



WATCH WORK OVER MELADY'S GLOVE.

we've all caught the germ, and it only remained for the man who invented the puzzle picture of different colored woods to drive us all to padded cells.

Well, I made up my mind that it was time something was doing to turn the jig saw tide. And I've "done" it sure enough by giving yesterday afternoon a "tangram party." A superabundance of egotism is not one of my glaring faults, I have been told, but at this moment I'm really gleaming over my cleverness in reviving the curious and interesting pastime of daily-fing with tangrams. Is it a new variety of imported fruit? No, Miss Innocence, but it is the fruit of a Chinaman's brain, one Tsau, who lived awhile ago, say some 4,000 years before we became inhabitants of this glorious country. And to this ancestral ancestor its descendant, the jig saw, owes much of its fame. Unlike the present puzzle, the tangram consists of only seven pieces, and these parts are all the same size. Artistic values are completely lost sight of in the struggle for entirety.

The tangram that I set before my guests was "The House That Jack Built," and that the cat was as big as the cow and the mail as large as the house that contained it matters nothing to the architects.

After the tangrams we had tea, and Elmer poured for me, looking a Rembrandt study in a stunning big black velvet hat charmingly trimmed with bunches of silver raisins—nothing else—and the chessness of the thing beggars description. You have read of almost every known variety of fruit, flowers and birds which have found their way into the milliners' hands, but I reckon you didn't know that these artists had forsaken the garden and the menagerie for the realm of the cook. You'll pardon me, but it is such a temptation to say that the raison d'être of this is Paris and that Elmer has just come from the Ville Luminiere.

Why did she wear a hat while pouring tea? Simply and solely because it's the latest accompaniment to the "5 o'clock." It was a funny sight watching the grisly dodge that chapeau, for those wishing a cup of the refreshing beverage had to navigate around this cart wheel first to catch the eye of the wearer and then stand at a safe distance when receiving the brew, for to disarrange that millinery creation, which had been poised and pinned at a fascinating angle—an operation we all know takes this season many precious moments—is possible by the lightest touch against the overshadowing brim. Fortunately there were no tempests in our teacups. The "approach" and "recede" were splendidly done. But one can imagine that at a crush affair such disasters can be averted only by the most careful engineering of one's own hat and elbows. And be it known that apologies afterward are no reparation for the catastrophe.

Elizabeth C., who inquired most anxiously after you, was wearing one of the smartest gowns of the after-

noon, an empire confection of taupe chiffon cloth that shone like heavy satin. The embroideries on the skirt were exquisitely worked in taupe tones with silks, wools and chenille. Similar embroideries formed a bolero, and the waist was confined by a folded band of black satin. Her hat was large and flat, with the crown was entirely of sable, with an important looking black osprey standing out at one side. Another girl from Boston, who came with Mrs. Van S., I thought was carrying a hand bound book after the manner of Bostonian highbrows, who appear with literary equipments on all and every occasion, but I suffered from an optical delusion, for the lady from the land of beans was carrying a snude muff, the newest sartorial accessory this side of France.

This snuff reminds me that at one of the prettiest weddings of the winter solemnized at St. Bartholomew's the blushing bride hid her trembling (?) hands in a floral muff of orchids with thousand of sprays of lily of the valley hanging on white satin ribbons like tails on the regulation street muff. The effect was delicate and lovely. The church was packed, but there is one thing to be said in favor of the "machine turned newel post figure" sans chapeau, and that is a lot of them may be squeezed in at a function without the discomfort and the pushing and shoving of former years. As Carolyn Wells says—and, by the way, don't you love her bits at feminine follies—speaking of the modern damsel's silhouette, "So slim was she that looking sideways toward, you scarcely saw anything." And at a bridge the other night these lines of hers kept repeating themselves:

Her sleeves were such a fit,  
And, though at bridge she took a hand,  
She stood—she couldn't sit.

Which reminds me that a new wrinkle in sleeves is to have chenille fringe meandering from shoulder to elbow, so that when the arm is lifted one gets quite a Mexican cowboy effect. With the cowboy sleeves and the Robinson Crusoe for turban all that is needed to finish the wild west picture is the Deadwood coach. We don't indulge in coach holdups these days, but on Broadway the other morning an elephant escaped from the Hippodrome and afforded a good imitation of the olden days.

I do wish you were here in town to go through the shops and see the display of advanced spring materials. They are too lovely for words. The silks and cachemire de soie, a fabric we will see a great deal of the coming season, are charming. And French crapes that we all have admired from a distance on account of its prohibitive price is now within reach of those of us who have been obliged to economize since the financial slump of last year. The favorite designs in wash goods are in dotted effects both in printed and embroidered dots and disks, and borders are still a smart finish. Fiques and lines are both to figure largely in the summer wardrobe, says my dressmaker, and many of the most expensive pieces are in solid colors and in printed Persian patterns.

In my journey through one of the most exclusive shops here in town I was delighted to see stunning designs in foulard among the showings. I never could put through a summer comfortably without two or three of these little silk frocks, and it was pleasant to find that we have returned

to small figures and scroll patterns in two toned effects. To quote a most courteous clerk, "The colors that promise to lead for spring are wood rose, wistaria, catwax, amethyst, mulberry and dull rose." There, now! Didn't I remember it all beautifully for your sweet sake? But, to gossip some more, I met Mrs. D. at the lace counter, and as she picked over the embroideries in her fussy fashion I noticed that she was wearing one of the new finger watches that are worn outside the glove on the third finger of the left hand. These timepieces are the tiniest things you ever saw and are mounted on plain gold finger bands.

You have vivid recollections of the imphishness of her small son John, haven't you? Well, last Sunday he was wriggling around in the family pew, as usual. As you know, our rector is a relic of the long winded school of theology, and John's patience, reached the breaking point before the sermon stopped. So, much to the amuse-



AN EMPIRE "WAITING GOWN."

ment and relief of the older members of the congregation, this up to date kid sang out, "Oh, I say, cut it out, old man!" Lovely, wasn't it? Before I bring this budget to an end I must tell you how I enjoyed using at the tea the sandwich plate and lemon dish you sent me for Christmas. I like my plate of cut glass with rim of rouspouse silver so much better than the all silver ones. And the dear little silver legs it is mounted on—they're fascinating! Then how do you imagine I ever got on without a special dish for slices of lemon? Thank you again for these gifts, and believe me yours gratefully, MABEL.

Baited Dummies.  
If dummies for bolting are put in water one at a time they are less apt to run together.

Scandal.  
When bits of scandal sneak about: Some persons great to harrow We often find the wide, wide world Is very, very narrow.

—Kansas City Times.

## Factors of Safety

The human body is a wonderful machine, provided with muscular, nervous and mental energy far in excess of normal needs. In health, the organs and tissues can do double their usual amount of work without strain or friction, because they have stored energy to meet the extra demand.

When you feel "all tuckered out," these factors of safety are nearly exhausted and you need to resort to

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

to renew the supply of energy, wherever it may be called for. Indigestion, bilious attacks, constipation, loss of sleep, nervousness, dizzy spells, are warnings that the factor of safety in the stomach, liver, bowels or brain, is low, or nearing the danger point and needs to be replenished.

Beecham's Pills increase the supply of blood, strengthen the stomach, operate the bowels, feed the nerve cells, build tissue, and create a reserve supply of energy, which is the only natural and effective way to

## Protect the Health

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.